



DEVOTED TO POLITE LITERATURE, SUCH AS MORAL AND SENTIMENTAL TALES, ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS, BIOGRAPHY, TRAVELING SKETCHES, AMUSING MISCELLANY, HUMOROUS AND HISTORICAL ANECDOTES, SUMMARY, POETRY, &c.

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NO. 13.

SELECT TALES.

The Wooing at Grafton.

It was one of those fresh and balmy summer evenings which sometimes succeed a day of scarcely endurable sultriness. The breathless stillness and heat of noon had given place to a refreshing breeze which rippled the waves of the Ouse, and stirred the countless leaves of the forest, through which the river meandered. The sun was setting in unclouded magnificence; and although his rays had greatly declined in intensity and strength, they had lost nothing of their splendor and their brightness. The birds, whose floods of melody appeared to have been dried up during the day, now poured forth a tide of song so full and resistless, that it seemed as if they intended during the short interval previous to the hour of roosting, to make amends for the silence of so many hours.

A lady of a stately figure, and features of exquisite beauty, was walking on the banks of the river. She was followed by a female attendant, and led by the hand a youth who seemed to be about nine or ten years of age. She was tall and finely formed; her eyes were large, black, and bright; her ringlets, which were as black and almost as bright, fell down to her shoulders; her complexion was exquisitely fair, approaching even to paleness. She seemed to have scarcely attained her twentieth year; but the tears which streamed down her cheeks, the melancholy expression of her eye, especially when it glanced on the stripling by her side, and the widow's weeds in which she was apparelled, too plainly told that, young as she was, sorrow had outstripped time, and premature clouds had darkened the morning of her days.

'Adelaide,' she said, addressing her attendant, 'see'st thou yonder alder-tree, how it gleams and brightens in the rays of the sun? but that sun is setting; into those crimson clouds beneath him, that look like a sanguinary sea, he will shortly sink, and then the tree which now gleams and brightens will be surrounded with desolation and darkness.'

'But to-morrow, Madam,' said the attendant. 'Talk not of the morrow to me,' interrupted the lady—'to me, on whose darkened fortunes no morrow shall ever dawn. Alas! like yonder tree I flourished; brightness was on my head and around my path; but the sun that shone upon me has set—has set in a sea of blood.'

'Sweet lady!' said Adelaide, 'but I will talk to thee of the morrow, for a morrow of joy and gladness shall dawn upon thee yet: King Edward is gallant and generous; and although Sir John Gray fell fighting the battles of the Red Rose, he will not visit on the widow and orphans the transgressions of the husband and the father.'

'Alas! Adelaide, only this day have I received a letter from my noble mother, who informs me that all her importunities have been in vain. The King has been besieged by her in his palace at Westminster more unremittingly than ever he was by Clifford or Northumberland, or the most zealous Lancastrian, when shut up in some iron fortress which constituted his only territory. The ruthless Richard Plantagenet, he whom they now call the Duke of Gloucester, stands between him and every generous disposition of his heart. The Lancastrians are devoted to the slaughter; and the crime of my dead lord, in gallantly supporting to his latest gasp the cause of his lawful sovereign, can only be expiated by the beggary of his widow and his orphans.'

'Would that the gallant King,' said Adelaide, 'could but once behold that fair face wet with tears, and know that a single word from his lips would suffice to dry them! methinks that the forfeited estates of your husband would then be soon restored to you.'

'And in truth, gentle Adelaide,' said the Lady Gray, 'a wild hope that perchance in the course of the chase, which he is to-day following in this neighborhood, I might come in contact with him and have an opportunity of falling at his feet and pleading my cause in person, has lured me from Grafton Manor, and kept me wandering by the river-side till the hour of sunset.'

'The dews of evening are descending, Madam, and the chase is over. Let us return, lest we be intruded upon by some of the wild gallants in King Edward's train, who are not very scrupulous in their mode of courtship when they encounter a fair lady alone and unprotected. Trust rather to the continued importunity of your noble mother. The Duchess has a persuasive speech, and the King a susceptible heart. Let us return to the manor, and hope that all will yet be well.'

The lady turned round to retrace her steps, in compliance with the advice of her attendant, when she found herself suddenly seized in the grasp of a man who had followed her unperceived, and who now, with very little ceremony, proceeded to overwhelm her with his embraces.

The author of this outrage was by no means one whose personal attractions could render the violence which he committed less unpalatable. He was a short and meagre figure, humpbacked, with legs of an unequal size, and teeth, or rather fangs, which protruded from which his mouth, and gave an hideous expression to his face, which otherwise might have possibly been called handsome. His forehead was high and fair, his eyes black and sparkling, and his broad arched brows gave an expression of intelligence and dignity to the upper part of his countenance which strangely contrasted with the grotesqueness and deformity of his figure. He was very richly habited in a robe of blue velvet, lined with silk, and glittering with gold—a sword hung by his side, and a cap, adorned with a plume of feathers, and a sparkling diamond in the front, was placed in rather a fantastic and foppish manner upon his head.

The lady shrieked fearfully when she found herself in the arms of this hideous being. 'Silence, Madam, silence,' he said, 'or,' and he touched his dagger, while a cloud as black as midnight gathered on his brow, which, however, instantly gave place to a smile of even bewitching sweetness. 'Pardon, pardon,' he added, 'that one used to war and strife should begin with menaces, even when addressing so fair a creature as thou art.'

'Unhand me, monster!' said the Lady Gray.

'Sweet lady,' he said 'you must unhand me first.'

'Desist!' said a voice behind them, 'or, by heaven! your heart shall rue the boldness of your hand.'

With these words, a young man habited in Lincoln green, with a bow and quiver slung over his shoulders, and bearing a drawn sword in his hand, rushed upon the lady's assailant. He paused, however, as his eye encountered that of this misshapen being—whether it was that he recognized a face familiar to him, or that he felt an emotion of surprise at the hideousness of the creature which he beheld, was not apparent. The latter eyed him with a sullen and malignant smile, and then uttering a loud and discordant laugh, disappeared amidst the recesses of the forest.

The lady had sunk on the ground exhausted and stupified with terror. Her deliverer hastened to raise her up; while the boy, whose bosom heaved with sobs, caught her hand, and covered it with his kisses; and Adelaide sprinkled her pallid and death-like features with water from the river. When she once more opened her eyes, they rested upon a being very dissimilar from him in whose arms she had last found herself. The perfect grace and symmetry of his form was only equalled by the sweetness and noble expression of his features, which, save that the curl of his lip, and the proud glance of his eye, indicated something of a haughty and imperious temperament, approached as nearly as possible to the *beau ideal* of manly beauty. The simplicity and modesty of his dress were as strikingly opposed to the gorgeous apparel, as were his graces of form and feature to the ghastliness and deformity of his late opponent.

'Thanks, gentle Sir!' said the lady Gray—'thanks for thy timely aid!'

'No thanks are due to me, sweet lady; but to thy fair self I owe unbounded thanks for an opportunity of gazing on so much loveliness. Yet must I be a petitioner for a farther favor—permission to escort you home.'

The lady accepted with gratitude the service which was proffered as a boon; and giving her hand to the graceful cavalier, she proceeded under his escort homewards, attended by the stripling and Adelaide. During this short journey, she had an opportunity of discovering that the elegant and accomplished form of her deliverer was but the mirror of his refined and cultivated mind. The wit, vivacity, knowledge of men and manners, originality of thought, and courteous and chivalrous demeanor which he evinced, were such that, if they did not positively win the heart of the Lady Gray before this their first interview terminated, they certainly laid the

foundation of a passion which, as the reader will subsequently learn, exercised a powerful influence over the destinies of both.

'And now, gentle Sir,' said the lady, as they arrived at her residence, 'welcome to Grafton Manor. Will you please to enter?'

'Not now, sweet Madam!' answered the cavalier: 'I am in the King's train and my services will be missed. Yet may I crave leave to call to-morrow, and inquire after the health of —' He paused; but the lady soon concluded his sentence.

'Of the Lady Gray of Groby,' she said extending her hand to him.

'Ha!' he said, and started, while a dark frown lowered for a moment over his fine features, 'the widow of the Lancastrian knight who fell at St. Alban's.'

'Even that ill-starred woman,' said the Lady Gray, while the tears streamed down her features.—'Farewell! farewell! I see that it is a name which is now displeasing to all ears.'

'Nay, nay, sweet Madam,' said the youth, gently detaining her; 'it is a name which friends and foes ought alike to honor as identified with manly and heroic devotion to a falling cause, and——' his voice faltered as he added, in a softer tone, 'with the perfection of female grace and loveliness. You have been a suppliant to the King, Madam, for the restoration of your dead Lord's forfeited estates?'

'I have been,' she replied, 'and a most unhappy and unsuccessful one.'

'The King, Madam, is surrounded by men who entertain small love for the unhappy adherents of the House of Lancaster, I have the honor to serve his Highness. If Edward March, his poor Esquire, can advance the cause of the Lady Gray, small as may be his abilities to do her good, they shall be all devoted to her service.'

'Thanks!—once more a thousand thanks, generous Sir!' said the lady. 'The cause of Elizabeth Gray indeed needs all the efforts of her friends to insure for it a prosperous issue. If Master Edward March can do aught to serve it, the blessing of the widow and the fatherless will rest upon his head.'

'And the blessing of the widow,' thought Master Edward March, after he had taken leave of the lady, and was retracing his steps to the river side, 'will be the blessing of the prettiest woman in England. That of the fatherless I could e'en dispense with; yet, methinks, it is well that they are fatherless, Heaven rest their father's soul!'

This short interview caused a strange disturbance in the heart of Elizabeth Gray. The interests of her orphan children, and anxiety to obtain for them the restitution of their father's forfeited property, had for a long time occupied her mind exclusively

Now a new feeling, she would not venture to call it a passion, seemed at least to mingle with, if not to absorb, all other considerations. Yet even this came disguised in the garb of her children's interests, who, she now felt more than ever, stood much in need of a protector to supply the place of their deceased parent. The mother of the Lady Gray was Jaqueline of Luxembourg, the Dowager Duchess of Bedford, who had, after the death of her husband, so far sacrificed her ambition to love, that she espoused in second marriage Sir Richard Woodville, a private gentleman, to whom she bore several children; and amongst the rest Elizabeth, who was remarkable for the grace and beauty of her person, as well as for other amiable accomplishments. This young lady had married Sir John Gray of Groby, by whom she had two sons; and her husband being slain in the second battle of St. Alban's fighting on the side of Lancaster, and his estate being for that reason confiscated, his widow had retired to live with her mother at her seat of Grafton, in Northamptonshire. The Duchess herself resided principally in London, as well for the purpose of leaving her daughter as much as possible in complete possession of Grafton Court, as to afford the Duchess, by her vicinity to the palace, opportunities for pressing upon the King the propriety of restoring to the widow of Sir John Gray the forfeited estates of her husband. These solicitations, however, had as yet been unavailing, and she was in daily expectation of hearing that the estates, which formed the subject of them, had been bestowed upon some adherent of the House of York.

Such was the posture of her affairs when the Lady Gray became acquainted with Edward March, in the manner which we have narrated. The young esquire called on her the next day, and their second interview confirmed in the bosoms of both the passion which had been excited by the first. March, in addition to his personal attractions, expressed so much anxiety for the interests of the lady and her children, and such a determination, as soon as the King returned to London, and was at leisure to attend to business, to press the fair widow's suit upon his attention, that the surrender which the lady made of her heart seemed to her to be no less a matter of policy than affection. The youth was not slow in perceiving the impression which he had made on the susceptible bosom of Elizabeth; and one day when the parties had scarcely been acquainted a month, he took, like Othello, 'a pliant hour,' poured into the lady's listening and not offended ear, a confession of his passion, and made an offer of his hand and heart.

'Alas! good Master March,' said she, 'thou talkest idly. What hopes can a poor

Esquire and the portionless widow of Sir John Gray have of future happiness, by uniting their forlorn fortunes together?

'I have a sword, Madam, which has already done good service, and which, I doubt not, will, on the next field in which it is brandished, win for me the badge of knighthood.'

'Or the grave of an esquire!' said the lady mournfully.

'But, Madam, trust to my persuasions, and the King's goodness of heart for the restoration of your children's inheritance. Will you make your promise of sealing my happiness conditional upon that restoration?'

The youth's eye flashed fire as he put this question to the lady. Her color came and went—her bosom rose and fell quickly; her heart beat within it tumultuously, and her whole frame trembled like the aspen tree, as she paused a few moments before she answered this question; and then sinking into his arms, exclaimed, 'I will, I will! dearest Edward, I am wholly thine!'

'Now Heaven's richest blessing fall upon that fair head!' he said, imprinting a fervent kiss on her forehead. 'The King departs for London on the morrow, and I must follow in his train. Trust me, sweet Elizabeth, that thy suit shall not want the advocacy of any eloquence which I may possess; and I hope that when I next meet thee, it will be to clasp thee to my bosom as my bride.'

The Lady Gray felt more desolate than ever at Grafton Manor after the departure of Edward March from its neighborhood. She had intrusted him with a letter to the Duchess of Bedford, in which she had simply informed her that the bearer was a gentleman who hoped, from his situation near the person of the King, to be able to advance the successful progress of their suit to his Highness. To this letter she had received an answer, saying that it had been forwarded to her mother by Mr. March, but that he had not himself called upon the duchess, nor had she received from him any intelligence as to the success of his efforts on the Lady Gray's behalf. Days and weeks rolled on, and the fair widow still remained in total uncertainty as to the state of her affairs, except that each letter which she received from her mother informed her that she found increasing difficulty in procuring interviews with the King, and that the monarch, at such interviews, appeared colder and more adverse than ever to the object for which they were sought.

'Alas! alas!' said the Lady Grey, 'will Fate never cease to persecute me? Even this last fond hope—reliance on the affection and on the efforts in my behalf of this young man—has failed me. But it was a wild and idle hope; and Elizabeth Gray, who has seen so much of the world, ought to have known how delusive are its brightest prospects, and how

false its most solemn promises. Edward March has proved inconstant and untrue, and Elizabeth Gray must remain desolate and oppressed.'

These painful thoughts agitated her mind as from a terrace in the gardens of Grafton Manor she gazed on nearly the same scenery which we have described at the commencement of this narrative—the winding Ouse, whose every ripple gleamed like gold in the beams of the declining sun; the massive oaks, which cast their dark shadows around them, but received on their summits and their leaves a share of the glory of the setting luminary; the stately manor-house in the fore-ground sending up wreaths of silver smoke into the deep blue sky; and the distant spire of the village church of Grafton, catching the latest ray of the fast declining orb, and terminating as with a finger of glory the horizon. This was a scene whose simple quiet beauty had often served to calm and sooth her wounded feelings, and to give a tinge of its own brightness to her anticipations of the future: now, however it served to bring back painful recollections to her mind—the interview with March; the affections and hopes which sprang from it; and the cruel manner in which all those affections and hopes had been blighted and destroyed.

'Yes,' she added 'it is a wild and an idle hope, and he has proved inconstant and untrue.'

At this moment a rustling among the leaves of the bower in which she sat aroused her from her reverie; and starting up, she beheld—not, as for an instant she had fondly expected, Edward March, but a cavalier of maturer age and less welcome to her eye, yet nevertheless a right noble and valiant cavalier, her father's brother, Sir William Woodville.

'Gallant uncle!' she said, 'right welcome to Grafton Manor!—what news from my noble mother?'

'Cold news, heavy news, sweet Elizabeth,' said the Knight, and he passed his hand across his eyes.

'Alas! alas!' she said, sinking back into the seat from which she had sprung a moment before full of hopefulness.—'Tell it to me then—tell it me, however cold and heavy. Methinks my heart has learned to bear so much, that it can yet bear something—a little, little more—before it breaks.'

'Sweet lady,' said Sir William, 'I am come to inform you that all our hopes of procuring the restitution of your husband's property are over: the meddling interference of a young esquire of the name of March has proved fatal to our cause, he having been discovered to be the same individual who had the boldness to draw his sword on the Duke of Gloucester in Grafton forest, when

the King and his retinue were last in this neighborhood following the pleasures of the chase.'

'Ha!' said the lady, wringing her hands and shrieking piteously; 'and has that gallant young gentleman, to whom my thoughts have done so much injustice, involved himself in danger on my account; and was that foul misshapen being, from whose odious caresses he rescued me, the Duke of Gloucester? I will hasten to London—I will throw myself at the feet of the gallant King—I will tell him that it was in the holiest cause—in the cause of injured innocence and helplessness, that Edward March dare to draw his sword. I will save him—I will save him.'

'Sweet cousin,' said the Knight, gently detaining her—for she had started from her seat as if to perform a journey to London on the instant.—'it is too late—Edward March is no more.'

'Ha!' said the lady, while the blackness of despair gathered on her features; 'thou art mad to say it, and I am mad to listen to it.'

'Nay, nay, sweet cousin!' said the Knight; 'tis sad truth that I utter. Of the details of this young gentleman's fate, I can give you no intelligence. All that I know is, that the same messenger from the court who informed the Duchess that your suit was rejected, added, that the King had found it necessary to terminate the existence of Edward March.'

'The cold-blooded, ruthless tyrant!' said Elizabeth. 'Why! every hair on Edward March's head, was worth a thousand Gloucesters—that bloated spider—that viperous deformity—that hideous libel on the human form! Uncle, thou wear'st a sword.'

'Ay, cousin! and it has done good service in its time. It has dyed the white rose redder than its blushing rival.'

'Now, then, draw it to perform a nobler service than ever. Unsheath it in the cause of murdered innocence—unsheath it in the cause of the helpless and oppressed. Rid the world of a monster in mind and form.—Search with it for the heart, if he has one, of this Duke of Gloucester.'

'Why, gentle cousin,' said the Knight, almost smiling, notwithstanding the heaviness of the news of which he had been the bearer, at the violence of his niece's emotion—'what means this? Surely the loss of your suit to his Highness was not an event so improbable and unexpected, that it should find you thus unprepared to meet the consequences?'

'But the noble gentleman who has perished in the attempt to serve me!' said the lady, weeping.

'Peace be with his ashes!' said the Knight, crossing himself: 'but fair Elizabeth, it is vain and idle to lament the past. Let us rather provide for the future. The King

may yet be prevailed upon to do thee justice. Hasten to the palace; throw thyself to his feet; show him thy orphan children—show him thy sable weeds—above all show him thy own fair face, and, my life for it, the broad acres of Groby are thine own.

'Wouldst have me kneel at the feet of a homicide?—wouldst have we kiss the hand red with the blood of Edward March? Perish the thought!' said the lady.

'Then perish the children of Sir John Gray!' said the Knight; 'perish and starve his widow! Let beggary and desolation cling to that ancient and honorable house!'

'Nay, nay,' said Elizabeth, interrupting him; 'thou hast touched me to the quick.—I did indeed forget. I will throw myself at the feet of the crowned barbarian—I will dry my tears—I will mask my cheek in smiles—I will procure for my children the restitution of their inheritance, and then I will hasten!'

'To Groby Castle?' said the Knight.

'To the grave! to the grave!' said the lady.

Sir William Woodville no sooner saw that his niece acquiesced in his proposition, than he endeavored to hasten the execution of it, trusting that time would alleviate her sorrow; and not very well understanding all its violence,—for the real cause of her sympathy for the fate of Edward March had not occurred to the imagination of the Knight. 'The Court, the Court,' he said mentally, 'is the atmosphere to dry a widow's tears: the tilt and the tournament, the revel and the masque—these are the true comforters of the afflicted. Many a gallant has pierced a lady's heart through the ring, and lured a nobler falcon than ever soared into the air, when he called only to his mounting goshawk.' Such were the Knight's reflections as he rode towards London. The lady's, as our readers will easily divine, were of a different and more painful character. Fear and sickly hope; mingled horror and awe for the personage whom she was about to supplicate, and cureless grief for the loss of the being who had taken such a chivalrous interest in her fate were the varying emotions by which her bosom was agitated.

The journey to the metropolis, was concluded without the occurrence of any incident worthy of record. Elizabeth Gray was speedily clasped in the arms of her mother, who mingled her tears with her own; and then both ladies accompanied by Sir William Woodville, and the two orphan Grays, proceeded to the palace at Westminster to make a personal appeal to the bounty of the King.

The monarch was seated in his private chamber, surrounded by the few but distinguished courtiers who had the privilege of access to him there, when it was announced to him that the Lady Gray of Groby craved admittance to the royal presence.

'Tut! tut!' said the King; 'this pining widow and her friends think that the King of England has nothing to attend to but the interests of the family of a rebel who died fighting sword in hand against his sovereign. Thrice have I peremptorily refused the supplication of the old Duchess of Somerset; and now the young lady is to play off the battery of her sighs and tears upon me, in the hopes of a more prosperous result.'

'And in truth, my Liege,' said the Marquis of Montague, 'the young lady has not been badly advised in trying that experiment, if report speaks truly of her charms.'

'Sayest thou so, cousin Montague?' said the King; 'then in God's name, let her enter.' And then carefully adjusting his robes, and assuming an air between the dignity of a monarch and the vanity of an Adonis, conscious of his personal attractions, he leaned back in his throne.

The door of the presence-chamber unfolded, and the suppliant party, attired in deep mourning, approached the foot of the throne. The Lady Gray was led forward by Sir William Woodville, while the Duchess and her disinherited grandchildren came behind. A murmur of approbation and surprise passed from lip to lip, among the courtiers, as they gazed on the surpassingly beautiful features of the fair petitioner, whom sorrow had not robbed of one of her charms, but had rather improved and heightened them all. She entered with head depressed and downcast eyes, not daring to look at the person whom she supplicated, and for whom, as the murderer of her lover, and the sovereign of the realm, she entertained a sentiment in which abhorrence and reverence were strangely mingled.

'A boon! a boon! most dread Sovereign,' she said, sinking at the monarch's feet.

'Rise, gentle Lady,' said the King, 'and name, if thou canst, the boon which thy sovereign will refuse thee.'

'Ha!' said Elizabeth, starting, as though the voice of the dead had sounded in her ears. 'Those tones—that voice! surely I am not mad.' She lifted her eyes towards the King, and an expression of wonder and delight burst from her lips, as she recognised beneath the royal diadem the features of Edward March. That expression, however, was repressed, as a deep feeling of fear and awe came over her; and sinking again to the ground, she exclaimed—'Pardon! gracious Sire!—Pardon! pardon!'

'Pardon! sweet Elizabeth,' said the King, descending from the throne, and raising her in his arms; 'and wherefore—? But thou hast a petition, fair lady, to which thou would'st crave our answer?'

'Even so, dread Sir,' said the lady, 'it is to pray of your royal grace and favor to grant to my orphan children the restitution of the

forfeited estates of their father, Sir John Gray of Groby. Great King! good King! listen to my prayer. Think that the transgressions of the father have been expiated by his death; and that, whatever they were, his infant sons had no participation in them. And oh! gracious Sire, let not the boldness of their mother, at a time when she knew not the illustrious person with whom she conversed, stand in the way of your Highness's grace and favor towards the children.'

'The petition, fair Elizabeth,' said the King, 'is granted, and Heaven prosper the gallant house of Gray of Groby! But now it is my turn to play the suppliant. Thou rememberest a promise made to Edward March—a conditional promise, it is true, but the condition is now performed. The poor youth—rest his soul!—is no more. When King Edward entered his ancient palace of Westminster, he found it necessary to terminate the existence of Edward March.'

'Thus lowly,' said the lady, 'do I once more crave thy royal pardon. Thou who hast proved the husband of the widow, and the father of the fatherless, accept their blessings and their prayers. The land which your Highness has restored to them shall be held for the safeguard of your royal person, and the terror of your enemies; but jest not thus cruelly with your handmaid, and pardon the presumption and boldness of which she was unwittingly guilty.'

'But under your favor, Lady Gray,' said the Monarch, laughing, 'I have not yet proved myself the husband of the widow and the father of the fatherless; and until I do so, I will not accept either their benedictions or their prayers. As the representative of the deceased Edward March, I will take care and see that the promise which was so solemnly made by him be performed. My Lords and Gentleman,' he added, turning to the wondering courtiers, 'behold your Queen!'

'God save Queen Elizabeth!' exclaimed all present. 'Long lived the noble Queen of England!'

'And now, my Lord of Canterbury,' said the King, 'your part in this day's solemnities remains to be performed.'

Thus saying, he led the Lady Gray to the chapel of the palace, followed by her mother and children, Sir William Woodville, the prelate, and the rest of the courtiers. There the nuptial knot was indissolubly tied between the beggar and the king—the monarch and her who had so lately been his humble petitioner.

'Mr. TIMMS,' said a young wag, 'how do you keep your books!' 'Oh, by double entry.' 'Double entry! how's that?' 'Oh! easy enough, I make one entry and my partner makes another.'

BIOGRAPHY.

From Campaigns in Florida.

Oceola, the Indian Warrior.

BY M. M. COHEN.

This gifted individual is about 30 years of age, 5 feet 10 inches high, rather slender than stout—but elegantly formed—of remarkable lighthness of limbs, yet capable of iron endurance, something of the Appollo and Hercules blended, or rather the easy grace, the stealthy step and active spring of the tiger. His grandfather was a Scotchman, his grandmother and mother were full Indians. His father was of course, a half breed and Oceola is therefore a quarter-blood, or one fourth white, which his complexion and eyes indicate, being much lighter than those of the Indians generally. When conversing on topics agreeable to him, his countenance manifests more the disposition of the white than of the red man. There is a great vivacity in the play of his features, and when excited, his face is lit up as by a thousand fires of passion, animation and energy. His nose is Grecian at its base and would be perfectly Phidean, but that it becomes slightly arched. There are indomitable firmness and withering scorn in the expression of his mouth—though the lips are tremulous from the intense emotions which seem ever boiling up within him. About his brow, care and thought and toil have traced their channels, anticipating, on a youthful face, the havoc and furrow-work of time.

To those who have known Oceola long, his fame does not appear like a Sun-burst, but as the ripening fruit of early promised blossoms. For years past, he has enjoyed the reputation of being the best ball player and hunter and the most expert at running, wrestling and all other active exercises. At such times, or when naked, his figure, whence all superfluous flesh is worn down, exhibits the most beautiful development of muscle and power. He is said to be inexhaustible from the ball play, an exercise so violent that the struggle for mastery has been known to cause the death of one of the combatants. When this occurs in a fair contest, the survivor is not punished for murder, as in all other cases of taking life. On one occasion, Oceola acted as guide to a party of horsemen, and finding that, at starting, they proceeded slowly, he inquired the cause. On being told that it was on his account, with one of those smiles he alone can give, he bade them proceed more rapidly. They put spurs to their steeds, and he, a-foot, kept up with them during the entire route, nor did he exhibit the slightest symptoms of fatigue, at the close of the day, but arrived at the point proposed, as early as the mounted body. To Col. Gadsden, sole Commissioner at the

Treaty of Payne's Landing Oceola rendered good service, at the head of thirty or forty warriors, posting himself nearer to the Colonel's position than the other Indians, and saying, he was more like the white man than they. He did not sign the treaty then and there made, nor did he refuse so to do. The fact is, he was never asked to subscribe his name thereto, being at that time but a Tussemage and of little note. This treaty must not be confounded with the subsequent agreement that Oceola finally signed, and into which he is said to have plunged his knife, when called on for his signature. The negotiations at Payne's landing were in the time of Tuckasee Emathla, or the Ground Mole Warrior, Chief of the Micasuky tribe. At that date it was not known of Powell, as Cotton Mather says of Roger Williams, in his Magnolia, that 'the whole country was soon like to be set on fire by the rapid motion of a wind mill in the head of this one man.'

Oceola acted as agent for Micanope, who is an imbecile, in reducing to subjection the Micasukies, who are not only the most numerous and powerful, but the most desperate and insubordinate tribe. By his boldness and energy, he always succeeded in bringing them in to receive punishment, for the offences committed—latterly he would beg them off, and finally went over to them as one of their Chiefs. The U. S. Officers as well as the Indians, all looked to Oceola to secure offenders—knowing his resolution and prowess. And for this purpose as well as to restrain the Seminoles within their limits, he has taken more pains, and endured more fatigue, than any four of the Indians put together. He is of elevated and upright character, and was of kindly disposition till put in irons, which controverted, to gall, the milk of human kindness in his bosom—roused his fiery indignation, unquenchable but by blood, and excited him to deep seated, ample revenge.

Oceola's agency, and that of his Lieutenant Tom, in Omathla's death, and his killing Gen Thompson, with the rifle presented him by the General, militate against the favorable estimate of his character. But that all his goodly feeling were not utterly eradicated, is proven by an incident, in the interview with Gen. Gaines' command. On that occasion, Oceola anxiously inquired after Lieut. John Grahame, on being informed that he was wounded, stoutly denied it. On being asked why he was so positive that Lieut. G. was unhurt, he replied that he had imperatively ordered his people never to molest that young man, and he knew no one who would dare disobey him; none should, and live! It was then admitted, that though the brothers, Grahame, had been wounded, yet Lieut. G. had escaped injury; at which admission Oceola greatly joyed. It seems that Powell

has a little daughter, to whom Lt. G. was kind, and presented with frocks, in which the young girl, who grew very fond of him, always insisted on being dressed, whenever she perceived Lieut. G. (for whom she often looked out) coming to visit her. Oceola's motive in sparing Lieut. G. was gratitude for attention to his child, which he also endeavored to repay by teaching the Lieut. the Indian language, for he speaks a little English, and is very intelligent.

Powell has two wives, as is common with the Indians, but they are rarely Triginists. His two better halves live in perfect harmony, having one table in common, but occupying separate 'lodges.' They are both young and comely; one of them is particularly pretty. They yield passive obedience to his vigorous intellect, and expressions which partake the character of his mind. His words are ever few, but apposite. At the conclusion of the Talk, I have sketched his lofty mien and manly bearing. His address is courteous and affable and his smile is witchery. Like most Indians, he is fond of a joke, the opinion that savages are always grave, being erroneous. His shake of the hand, like every thing from him, leaves a lasting impression, and if there be not a vice in his fingers, he has a vicious way of using them. Oceola is greatly ambitious, and like other Indians, revengeful, the *lex talionis* heading their bloody code. So that his conduct, like that of more civilized men, is made up of mixed motives, having just enough of the salt of patriotism to preserve the character from the taint of corrupting selfishness.

MISCELLANY.

For the Rural Repository.

Beauties of Nature.

With thousand beauties Nature's rife.—DANA.

To the child of Nature nothing is more beautiful than her works. At all seasons it is his delight to ramble among her rural scenery, inhale her balmy breath, and court her lovely smiles. She may with propriety be called 'the idol of his affections,' for he is a constant worshipper at her shrine. The contemplation of her works, so 'rife' with 'beauties' is the employment of his vacant moments, and ever yields him consummate pleasure. Behold him climbing some abrupt steep, some lofty hill, from whence he may survey the wide extended landscape around. How his countenance beams with delight as he views the distant plains, clothed in the richest garniture of nature, extending as far as his insatiable ken can reach, seeming to be bounded only by the far off dim horizon. See with what admiration he scans the innumerable mountains that rear their bleak, majestic heads far up among the clouds, which surround them,

seemingly as if to shade their wrinkly, time-furrowed brows from the burning rays of the sun. Often may he be seen at the calm and meditative hour of evening, reclined on the thymy banks of some retired rivulet, listening to the soft murmurings of its waters as they gently meander along the sequestered vale; fanned by the sighing zephyrs that glide by him laden with the ambrosial perfume emitted from the multitude of flowers which bedeck the fields and valleys around: or hanging, with enraptured ear, on the melodious notes of the feathered songsters, as they sing their last requiem to the departed day. Then are awakened the pure, poetical feelings of his soul; then does his bosom throb with ecstasy, as the heaven-born strains of Nature's impelling music strike upon the high-strung cords of his transported heart.—What heavenly feelings then fill his breast—feelings with which he would not part for all the sordid pelf of earth.

Again he may be seen amid the awful stillness of the midnight hour, sitting at his casement, wrapt in the mantle of contemplation, viewing 'the silent queen of night' as she rides slowly and majestically along her celestial way; or gazing, entranced on the innumerable host of refulgent lamps that illuminate the heavenly plains. And as he thus muses, his thoughts, pure as the vestal beams of that moon, or the rays of those numberless diadems, ascend to the Framer of the universe; and in his praise, for his goodness, wonderful skill and power, he pours forth the devout feelings of his inmost soul. Oh! how depraved the heart, how vitiated the mind of him who sees nothing in the works of nature to admire; who takes no pleasure in beholding the mighty ocean, the beautiful river, the towering mountain, or the gracefully decorated valley: who can survey the heavenly bodies in their revolutions, and observe the changes of the seasons, without once being led to wonder at and adore the superior power of the Creator. Thankful indeed should he be, who is not in such a degraded condition; who contemplates, with pleasure the beauties of nature; who sees in every thing around him, something to admire, and on viewing which he is led

'To look through Nature up to nature's God.'

Dracut, Ms.

J. C.

Principle and Feeling.

LET us suppose, that one evening Feeling and Principle were walking in the road upon the outskirts of a country town. They had been to attend an evening service in a school-house, half a mile from their homes. It was a cold winter evening, and as they passed by the door of a small cabin, with boarded windows, and broken roof, they saw a child sitting at the door, weeping and sobbing most bitterly.

Feeling looked anxious and concerned.

'What's the matter, my little fellow?' said Principle with a pleasing countenance.

The boy sobbed on.

'What a house,' said Feeling, 'for human beings to live in! But I do not think any thing serious is the matter—let us go on.'

'What is the matter, my boy,' said Principle again kindly, 'can you not tell us what is the matter?'

'My father is sick,' said the boy, 'and I do not know what is the matter with him.'

'Hark!' said Feeling.

They listened and heard the sounds of moaning and muttering within the house.

'Let us go on,' said Feeling, pulling upon Principle's arm, 'and we will send somebody to see what is the matter.'

'We had better go and see ourselves,' said Principle to her companion.

Feeling shrunk back from the proposal, and Principle herself—with female timidity—paused for a moment, from an undefined sense of danger.

'There can be no danger,' thought she—

'Besides if there is, my Savior exposed himself to danger in doing good. Why should not I?—Savior,' she whispered, 'aid and guide me.'

'Where is your mother, my boy?' said she.

'She is in there,' said the boy, 'trying to take care of him.'

'O come,' said Feeling, 'let us go. Here my boy, here is some money for you to carry to your mother. Saying this, she tossed some change down by his side.

The boy was wiping his eyes and did not notice it. He looked anxiously into Principle's face and said,

'I wish you would go in and see my mother.'

Principle advanced towards the door, and Feeling, afraid to stay out or go home alone, followed.

They walked in.

Lying upon a bed of straw, and covered with miserable and tattered blankets, was a sick man, moaning and muttering, and snatching, at the bed clothes with his fingers. He was evidently not sane.

His wife was sitting on the end of a bench by the chimney corner, with her elbows on her knees and her face upon her hands.

As her visitors entered, she looked up to them, the very picture of wretchedness and despair. Principle was glad, but Feeling was sorry that they had come.

Feeling began to talk to some small children who were shivering over the embers upon the hearth, and Principle accosted the mother—they both soon learned the true state of the case; it was one of common misery, resulting from the common cause.

Feeling was overwhelmed with painful emotion at witnessing such suffering. Principle began to think what could be done to relieve it, and prevent its return.

'Let us give her some money, to send and buy some wood and some bread,' whispered Feeling, 'and go away—I cannot bear to stay.'

'She wants kind words and sympathy, more than food and fuel, for her present relief,' said Principle, 'let us stay with her a little while.'

The poor sufferer was cheered and encouraged by their presence. A little hope broke in.

Her strength revived under the influence of a cordial more powerful than any medicated beverage, and when, after half an hour, they went away, promising future relief, the spirits and strength of the wretched wife and mother had been a little restored. She had smoothed her husband's wretched couch, and quieted the crying children, and shut her doors, and was preparing to enjoy the relief when it should come. In a word she had been revived from the stupor of despair.

As they walked away, Feeling said it was a most heart rending scene, and that she should not forget it as long as she lived. Principle said nothing but guided their way to a house where they found one whom they could employ to carry food and fuel to the cabin, and take care of the sick man while the wife and her children should sleep. They then returned home. Feeling retired to rest, shuddering lest the terrible scene should haunt in her dreams, and saying that she would not witness such a scene again for all the world. Principle knelt down at her bedside with a mind at peace. She commended the sufferers to God's care, and prayed that her Savior would give her every day some such work to do.

Such, in a very simple case, is the difference between Feeling and Principle. The one obeys God, the other her own impulses, and relieves misery, because she cannot bear to see it.—*The way to do good.*

Consider the End.

THE shape and character which our lives assume, are so uniformly the result of our actions, that if it were possible to foresee the course of conduct which a young man, setting out in life, would pursue, there would be no difficulty in foretelling, with great precision, the result. So invariably do we shape our destinies, and so uniformly and universally do causes and effects travel with each other. Hence the often repeated Maxim, 'A man may be what he will be.'

It is the want of due consideration, not the want of good sense, that ruins thousands: the neglect to exercise the thinking and reasoning powers which they have, rather

than any natural deficiency of intellect, which makes so many shipwrecks along the voyage of life. It is, that men in multitudes yield to temptations, and indulge in habits and lend themselves to practices of which they do not consider the end.

Have you a reader just setting out in the habit of GAMBLING? If this should meet the eye of such an one, let me ask have you considered the end? Have you deliberately considered it? Have you ever run your eye back over the race of gamblers that have gone before you—counted how many became beggars—how many hopeless drunkards—how all became knaves—how all lived without character—all died without hope—some convicts—others maniacs, and many suicides? Have you considered how certainly these are the ends of the paths in which you are entering? If any voice says there is no harm in it, it is the voice of your evil genius; consider the end.

Another common vice upon which the young by thousands, heedlessly enter, is INTemperance, in some or all of its various forms. It is a vice which comes in a thousand shapes; intemperate eating, drinking, chewing, smoking, and snuffing. I will not and cannot enumerate them all. But in every case the great mistake is made in the beginning; and the warning is, by all the evils which every where you witness, springing from these sources—by all the wretchedness of drunkenness—by all the miseries of disease, and poverty, and ruin, do not enter upon any of these habits, until you well and deliberately consider the end.

Again:—in the ordinary business of life, there are constantly presented a thousand temptations and opportunities for the practice of DISHONESTY; in other words, of taking advantage of others. I have more particular allusion to that class of little frauds which the law does not reach, and which, in society are not considered disreputable, pass off rather with censure. This you may with implicit confidence rely upon—that every departure from the most rigid rules of honesty in your dealing will be sure to harm you in the end. Gains unfairly acquired are like self-righteousness—the more a man gets the worse he is off. Besides the frittering of public confidence, the wear and tear of conscience and the loss of conscious integrity, there is a curse that forever follows them. Before you allow yourself to enter upon such a course, consider the end.

The indulgence of a PASSIONATE TEMPER, is perhaps, one of the most unhappy of human vices; because there are but few others which so perpetually prey upon the peace and serenity of the mind. This strong, sturdy enemy to human enjoyment, in the vast majority of cases, is left to grow with our growth and

strengthen with our strength, until its ascendancy is complete. It progresses in its dominion step by step—every indulgence adds to its power, and every acquisition of power increases its thirst for indulgence. Yet it can be controlled and brought into perfect subjection. He who is not master of himself, no matter what else he is master of, is a slave—and whatever efforts can be induced by the consideration of liberty, peace, happiness, and a comparative exemption from a thousand dangers to which passion exposes us in life, should be made to guard ourselves in this particular. Never indulge in passion until you have considered the end.

Consider well the end in every thing you do—the end!—not the immediate results—the momentary gratification—the apparent gain or advantage for the time—but the end of all your course of conduct. Look into the future until you clearly see it, and not imagine the consequences are to terminate in an hour, a day, a week, a month, a year, or even an age. The end—the end, is far beyond in eternity. Few indeed, are the faults or follies of men which meet with no retribution here—suffering comes with every vice as its inseparable companion. But the end, I repeat, is not now—and it is the end I pray you consider.—*Trenton Emporium.*

An Odd Blunder mated.

ABOUT the year 1757, there was a warm controversy in the third parish of Dedham, as to the location of a new burying ground.—The matter was long agitated at successive meetings; the opposition was violent, and the measure was finally carried by a small majority. Deacon Onion, notwithstanding his years and infirmities, attended all the meetings and was very warm in favor of the project, and Capt. Baker was violent in the opposition. The Rev. Mr. Tyler, with his characteristic prudence, kept aloof from the quarrel. He conversed freely, however, with both parties, and endeavored to assuage their bitterness by his pleasantry and good humor. Soon after the final vote, he met Capt. Baker. 'Good morning, Capt. Baker. A fine day, captain. Well, they tell me they out-voted you last night.'—'Yes, and much good may it do 'em. They've got their new burying ground, and the sooner they have use for it the better.—But one thing is certain, *I'll never be buried there as long as I live.*' This was too good a blunder for the parson to keep; so he steered straight to Deacon Onion's to enjoy the joke with him. 'Good morning, deacon Onion. A fine day, deacon Onion. A fine day, deacon. Wish you joy of your new burying ground. You were rather too many for them at last.' 'Oh! yes, Mr. Tyler, we out generalled 'em completely.' 'And what do you think Capt. Baker says about it, dea-

con?' 'Oh! I don't know; he's an awful wretch. What did he say?' 'Why, he says he never will be buried there as long as he lives!'—'Oh! what an obstinate critter! well, if God spare my life, I will, Mr. Tyler!'—*Yeoman's Gazette.*

Want of Decision.

Perhaps in no way do mothers more effectually destroy their own influence with children, and injure them, than from neglecting to practice decision. The following little fact will illustrate the pernicious influence of this course of conduct:—

A little girl remarked a short time since that beaver hats were quite fashionable, and she would have one. 'Have you forgotten,' said I 'that your mother yesterday remarked that the hat you wore last winter was quite neat, and that she did not intend to encourage extravagance and a love of fashion in a little girl.'—'Ah, well,' replied she, 'no matter for that—mother said that our Susan should not go to Miss W.'s party the other evening, because she was very much afraid that there would be dancing there: but when sister cried about it and made a fuss, mother consented to let her go, and bought her a new pair of shoes and a pretty blue scarf to wear. Besides, I am quite sure it is quite right to have a fashionable hat to go to church in, and I'll tease mother to buy me one. And I know that I shall get it—for mother often changes her mind.'

ADMIRAL DUNCAN addressed his officers, who came on board his ship for instructions previous to the engagement with Admiral De Winter, in the following words; 'Gentleman, you see a severe Winter approaching, I have only to advise you to keep up a good fire.'

Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of Postage paid.

P. J. S. Lysander, N. Y. \$1.00; J. H. G. Elyria, O. \$1.00; S. H. Dennis, Ms. \$1.00; D. J. B. Canaan 4 Corners, N. Y. \$1.00; M. G. A. Ashburnham, Ms. \$1.00; A. W. M. Elmira, N. Y. \$1.00; W. M. C. Bristol, Ct. \$1.00; A. S. Castleton, N. Y. \$1.00; W. C. E. Massillon, O. \$1.00; C. L. C. N. Y. Mills, N. Y. \$5.00; L. C. D. Columbiaville, N. Y. \$1.00; R. E. Clermont, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Onisco, N. Y. \$5.00; W. O. F. Northampton, N. Y. \$3.00; W. S. C. Geneva, N. Y. \$1.00.

MARRIED.

In this city, on the 19th inst. by the Rev. Wm. Whittaker, Mr. John A. Smith, of this city, to Miss Maria Morrison, of Stockport.

At Centreville, on the 17th inst. by the Rev. J. Berger, Mr. Harman Best, to Miss Sarah Eleanor Groat, both of the above place.

At Centreville, on the 9th inst. by the Rev. J. Berger, Mr. Charles King, of Athens, to Miss Cyrena Cook, of Hudson.

DIED.

In this city, on the 14th of September last, Sarah L. Anable, aged 4 years and 5 months; on 27th inst. Howard Malcom Anable, aged 1 year and 11 months, the two youngest children of Henry Anable.

In Troy, on the 5th inst. John W. Sturges, infant son of the late John Sturges, of this city, aged 6 months and 22 days.

In Albany, on the 11th inst. after a short and severe illness, Mr. Hendrick Schermehorn, in the 70th year of his age, one of the oldest inhabitants of this city.



SELECT POETRY.

The Magic Veil's Removed.

There is an hour that all must feel,
A pang each human heart must know;—
A wound, all study to conceal,
That still through lingering years must flow!
'Tis when the magic veil's removed,
And, gazing round with startled eye,
We see the world, once so much loved,
Appear in stern reality;

Stript of the fairy hues that youth,
Love, Fancy, Hope, had o'er it thrown;—
And, by the clear cold light of Truth,
In all its real mis'ry shown!
When ev'ry joy young bosoms prize,
Tint after tint dissolve away,
As sun-beams in the western skies,
That vanish with departing day!

Then falls a blight upon the heart,
When thus it finds its hopes are vain;
Like the crushed flower;—no time, no art,
Can ever make it bloom again!
Happier are they who press the tomb,
While Life one bright Elysium seems,
Than those who, through an age of gloom,
Linger, to mourn their early dreams!

The Ancient Family Clock.

BY MRS. FIGOURNEY.

So here thou art, old friend,
Ready thine aid to lend,
With honest face;
The gilded figures just as bright
Upon thy painted case,
As when I ran with young delight
Thy burnished robe to trace—
Forbidden still thy garniture to touch,
I gazed with clasped hands, admiring long and much.
But where is she who sate
Near in her elbow chair,
Teaching, with patient care,
Life's young beginner on thy dial plate
To count the winged minutes, fleet and fair,
And mark each hour with deeds of love?
Lo, she hath broke her league with Time, and gone
above.

Thrice welcome, ancient crone!
'Tis sweet to gaze on thee,
And hear thy busy heart beat on.
Come tell old tales to me,
Old tales, such as I love, of hoar antiquity.
Young lips their love have told
Into the thrilling ear,
Till midnight's witching hour waxed old,
Deeming themselves alone, while thou wert near,
In thy sly corner hid sublime,
With thy 'tick, tick'—to warn how time
Outliveth Love, boasting itself divine,
Yet fading like the leaf which its fond votaries twine.
The unuttered hopes and fears,
The deep drawn rapturous tears
Of young paternity,
Were chronicled by thee.
The nursing's first faint cry,
Which from a bright-haired girl of dance and song,

The idle incense fed, of an adoring throng,
Did make a mother with her quenchless eyes
Of Love, and truth and trust, of holiest memories,
As Death's sharp ministry
Doth make an angel, when the mortal dies.

Thy quick vibrations caught
The cradled infant's ear,
And while it marked thy face with curious fear,
Thou did'st awake the new born thought,
Peering through the humid eye,
Like star-beam in a misty sky;
Tho' the nurse standing still more near,
Saw but the baby's growing health,
And praised that fair machine of clay,
Working, in mystery and wealth,
In wondrous way.

Thou utteredst the death knell,
Chiming in sadness with the funeral bell,
When the stranger feet came gathering slow,
To see the master of the mansion borne
To that last home, the narrow and the low,
From whence is no return.

How slow thy movement to the anxious breast,
The expecting maiden or the waiting wife;
'He comes to-morrow'—but the day unblest,
Still, like a wounded snake, its length did draw.
Then wert thou watched and blamed, as if the strife
Of wild emotion should have been thy law;
Though thou wert pledged, amity sublime,
To crystal breasted Truth, and sky reporting Time.

Thou hast the signal given
For the gay bridal, when, with flower-crowned hair
And growing brow, the youthful pair
Stood near the priest in reverent air,
Dreaming that earth means heaven.
And thou hast heralded with joyance fair
The green wreathed Christmas, and the other feast
With which the hard lot of Colonial care
The pilgrim sire besprinkled; saving well
The luscious pumpkin, and the fatted beast,
And the rich apple with its luscious swell,
Till the Thanksgiving sermon duly o'er,
He greets his children at his humble door,
Bidding them welcome to his plenteous board,
While gathering from their distant home,
To knit their gladdened hearts in love they come,
Each with his youngling brood, round the father's
board.

Thou hast outlived thy maker, ancient clock!
He in his cold grave sleeps; but thy slight wheels
Still do his bidding, yet his frailty mock,
While o'er his name oblivion steals.
O Man! so prodigal of pride and praise—
Thy work survives thee: dead machines perform
Their revolution, while thy scythe shorn days
Yield thee a powerless prisoner to the worm!
Thou dar'st to sport with Time; while he
Consigns thee sternly to Eternity.
Make peace! make peace with Him who rules above
the storm.

From the Token for 1837.

The Mother's Jewel.

BY H. F. GOULD.

Jewel most precious thy mother to deck,
Clinging so fast to the chain of my neck,
Locking thy little white fingers to hold
Closer and closer the circlets of gold—
Stronger than these are the links that confine
Near this fond bosom this treasure of mine!
Gift from my Maker, so pure and so dear,
Almost I hold thee with trembling and fear.

Whence is this gladness so holy and new,
Felt as I clasp thee, or have thee in view?
What is the noose that slips over my mind,
Drawing it back if it leaves thee behind?
Soft is the bondage, but strong is the knot—
O! when the mother her babe has forgot,
Ceasing from joy in so sacred a trust,
Dark should her eye be and closed for the dust.
Spirit immortal with light from above,
Over this new opened fountain of love,
Forth from my heart as it gushes so free,
Sparkling, and playing, and leaping to thee,
Painting the rainbow of hopes till they seem
Brighter than reason—too true for a dream!
What shall I call thee? My glory? my sun?
These cannot name thee, thou beautiful one!
Brilliant, celestial, so priceless in worth,
How shall I keep thee unspotted from earth?
How shall I save thee from ruin by crime,
Dimmed not by sorrow, untarnished by time?
Where, from the thief and the robber who stray
Over life's path, shall I hide thee away?
Fair is the setting, but richer the gem,
Oh! thou'lt be coveted—sought for by them!

I must devote thee to ONE who is pure,
Touched by his brightness, thine will be sure,
Borne in his bosom, no vapor can dim,
Nothing can win or can pluck thee from Him.
Seamless and holy the garment he folds
Over his jewels that closely he holds.
Hence unto him be my little one given,
Yea, 'for of such is the kingdom of heaven.'

Winter.

WINTER, thou daughter of the storm—

I love thee, when the day is o'er,
Spite of the tempest's outward roar;
Queen of the tranquil joys that weave
The charm around the sudden eve;
The thick'ning footsteps through the gloom,
Telling of those we love come home;
The candles lit, the cheerful board,
The dear domestic group restored;
The fire that shows the looks of glee;
The infants standing at our knee:
The busy news, the sportive tongue,
The laugh that makes us still feel young;
The health to those we love, that now
Are far as ocean winds can blow;
The health to those who with us grew,
And still stay with us tried and true;
The wife that makes life glide away,
One long and lovely marriage day;
Then music comes, till round us creep
The infant listeners half asleep;
The busy tongues are loud no more,
And, Winter, thy sweet eve is o'er.

Almanacks for 1837.

Stoddard's Diary or Columbia Almanack; Comic, David
Crocker's, People's and German Almanacks, for sale at
A. STODDARD'S Bookstore.

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